Will proue as bitter,blacke and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wretched *Margret*,who comes here?

Enter the Queene, and the Dutches of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my young Princes, ah my tender babes,
My vnblowne flower, new appearing ſweet,
If yet your gentle ſoules flye in the ayre,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer aboue me with your aiery wings,
And heare your mothers lamentations.

Q.Mar. Houer about her,ſay that right for right
Hath dimd your infant morne,to aged night,

Qu. Wilt thou O God flie from ſuch gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrales of the wolfe:
When didſt thou ſleepe when ſuch a deed was done?

Q.Mar. When holy *Mary* dyed, and my ſweet ſonne.

Dut. Blind ſight,dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghoſt,
Woes ſceane,worlds ſhame,graues due by life vſurpt,
Reſt their vnreſt on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke,with innocents blood.

Qu. O that thou wouldſt as well afford a graue
As thou canſt yeild a melancholly ſeat,
Then would I hide my bones,not reſt them here;
O who hath any cauſe to mourne but I?

Dut. So many miſeries hath crazd my voyce
That my woe-wearied tongue,is mute and dumb.
Edward Plantagenet,why art thou dead?

Q.Mar. If ancient ſorrow be moſt reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of ſigniory,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper-hand,
If ſorrow can admit ſociety.
Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine:
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadſt an *Edward*,till a *Richard* kild him:
Thou hadſt a *Richard*,till a *Richard* kild him.

Dut. I had a *Richard* too,and thou didſt kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too,and thou holpſt to kill him:

Q.Mar. Thou hadſt a *Clarence* too,till *Richard* kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,

A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That Dog that had his teeth before his eyes
To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood,
That foule defacer of Gods handy-worke,
Thy wombe let looſe to chaſe vs to our graue
O vpright,iuſt, and true diſpoſing God,
How do I thanke thee, for this carnall Cur
Preyes on the iſſue of his Mothers body,
And make her pewfellow with others moane.

Dut. O *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woe
God witneſſe with me I haue wept for thee.

Q.Mar. Beare with me,I am hungry for reueng
And now I cloy me with beholding it:
Thy *Edward* he is dead,that ſtabd my *Edward*
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*,
Young *Yorke*,he is but boote,becauſe both they
Match not the high perfection of my loſſe:
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that kild my *Edward*
And the beholders of this tragicke play,
The adulterate *Haſtings*,*Riuers*,*Vaughan*,*Gra*
Vntimely ſmothered in their dusky graues,
Richard yet liues,hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely reſerued their factor to buy ſoules,
And ſend them thither,but at hand,
Enſues his pitious, and vnpitied end,
Earth gapes,hell burnes,fiends roare,Saints pra
To haue him ſuddenly conueyed away.
Cancell his bonds of life deare God I pray,
That I may liue to ſay, the Dog is dead.

Qu. O thou didſt propheſie the time would
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to helpe me curſe
That botteld ſpider,that foule hunch-backt To

Q.Mar. I cald thee then vaine flouriſh of my
I cald thee then poore ſhadow, painted Quee
The preſentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high to be hurl'd downe below,
A mother onely mockt with two ſweet babes
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubb